UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Illusion of the Collective

By H. R. MUSSEY

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XV

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Wanted—A Model Home in Moscow

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part V Chapter XXIX

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, MAY 20, 1929 NUMBER 12

A HUMANISTIC PRAYER

Forgive me, O Brothers of Men, for my sins against the Spirit of Love that would bind us together in one great family of peace. How often have I left that undone which might have promoted the glorious consummation of our dream! Timidity, even deadly fears, have bound my soul and tied my tongue so that I failed to speak the word of light. I was afraid of the darkness that is in us all; I trusted not the love of truth which in everyone of us will claim the final victory. Now there dawns in me a new courage. I have faith in you, O Sons of Men, and in the Brave Spirit born in you, impelling you forward, ever forward and upward, toward the city of eternal love. Forgive me, and let me now become your unfailing servant forever and ever. Amen.

—Raymond H. Palmer.

The Mary Ware Dennett case has become of national importance. Mrs. Dennett, it will be remembered, was tried and convicted for the offense of sending through the mails an obscene document. The document in question was a small pamphlet of sex instruction, written years ago for her own two sons, and found to be so useful in form and content that it has been distributed by the thousands of copies by medical societies, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, the Union Theological Seminary, Columbia University, and numerous intelligent and high-minded individuals. The charge, significantly brought by the D. A. R., was heard before a judge who allowed no testimony to be heard except the melodramatic reading of the text by the prosecutor, and by a jury carefully selected upon the basis of never having read a word of Havelock Ellis and H. L. Mencken. Within a fortnight of the triumphant acquittal of two night-club entertainers in the "speak-easy" district of New York—the notorious "Tex" Guinan and Helen Morgan—Mrs. Dennett was convicted in the same courts of a felony, automatically stripped of her rights of citizenship, and fined $300. In all probability, this verdict and judgment will be upset on appeal. Meanwhile, however, two momentous issues are at stake. First, the issue of sex instruction. Are we to have any right in this country to instruct our boys and girls as to the mysterious facts of life, or must we leave them to discover these facts as best they can in the gutter? Secondly, is there any fundamental liberty in this country of thought and speech and press? Are intelligent and educated people going to be allowed to think and study and learn, and convey their ideas and thoughts to others, or are we to be thrust back into the Dark Ages when authority, dictated by ignorance and fear, controlled the minds of men? We are fighting the battle of liberty all over again here. Hence our satisfaction at the appointment of an impressive, nation-wide defense committee to fight this battle through to the bitter end!

Is America "wet" or "dry"? We mean, in sentiment? Do the American people believe in the 18th Amendment, and propose to fight it out on the line of that Amendment if it takes a generation, or are the people a protesting, rebelling crowd of "wets" held for the time being in cruel subjection by a crowd of Prohibition fanatics? The answer to this question is regarded as not in doubt by the newspapers of New York, and Chicago, and our big cities generally, and by most of the readers of these papers. You can not tell this liquor press and these drinking burghers that America is "dry." They know better! The only "dry" sentiment in the country, they say, is that found in the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Public Morals. But here comes a witness who says otherwise! And this witness is no Prohibition Puritan, either. On the contrary, he is a shrewd, discerning, wise and witty man of the world who has traveled widely through the nation, talked with all sorts and conditions of people, and knows whereof he speaks. We refer to our genial friend, Will Rogers—enemy of bunk, no matter where it may be found. In a recent statement in the New York *Times*, this level-headed philosopher and observer says his say about all this "wet" bunk that is now filling our newspapers. This is his comment:

> See in Washington despatches that the Democrats are planning to take the "wet" side and make a direct issue of Prohibition in '32. Why a man should dig his grave three years before he is buried is almost unexplainable.
>
> I spent three years in forty-eight states each season kidding and joking on both sides of Prohibition, and if you think this country is "wet," you got a big city angle on a nation that is composed of country folks. It's the only law we ever had where the small town and country know they hold the trump card. You can't change it without their permission, and you won't get it. They are just laughing at you. Yours,
>
> *Will Rogers.*

The official election program of the British Labor Party seems at this distance to be a mild-mannered document. The "Rights" are evidently in the saddle, even to the point of joining forces on certain issues with the Liberals and even with the Conservatives.

We suppose that this is wise election policy, especially after the disastrous experience, in the last campaign, of confusion with the "Reds." But as one who is hungry, from long starvation here in America, for a good dose of thorough-going radicalism, we find ourselves very definitely unexcited by the document just submitted to Engish voters over the signatures of Ramsay MacDonald, J. R. Clynes, and Arthur Henderson, old stagers all. At the start comes the emphatic declaration that the British Labor Party is neither Communist nor Bolshevist, and is utterly opposed to force, revolution and confiscation. At the close comes an appeal to voters to support the Labor program "of peaceful development and reconstruction leading to a Socialist, cooperative commonwealth as the only alternative to reaction or revolution." In between come many planks of which the special correspondent of the New York *Times* declares that "they are much the same as the programs of the two other parties." Thus, Labor's plan of public works for the solution of unemployment is almost identical with Lloyd George's plan, though not so fulsome. Labor's promise to improve the conditions of motherhood, on the other hand, is almost identical with the proposition offered by Mr. Baldwin on behalf of the Conservatives. Foreign policy contains nothing more exciting than the League of Nations, the immediate adoption of the Washington international eight-hour agreement for workers, and cordial endorsement of the initiative of the United States in trying to reduce armaments. Russia is not mentioned at all. We suppose we would vote for this platform if we were an Englishman, but it would be with no great enthusiasm.

The prominence of the veterans of the British Labor Party in the present electoral campaign raises the question as to where are the new men who are to be the successors of these old leaders. MacDonald, Clynes and Henderson are the signers of the appeal referred to in the above editorial—a trio which has been in the van since long before the War. Phillip Snowden, who is certain to be the next Chancellor of the Exchequor if Labor wins, is another man whose leadership dates back a generation and more. Thomas is gray and grisled; the Webbs, if not old, are certainly not young; Bernard Shaw is as young as ever in spirit, but well over seventy in years. Where are the new men? Why do we hear nothing of those who are being trained to take the places of these veterans in another decade? It's a curious condition—that, in this age of all ages, age should hold predominance over youth in this most radical political party in England. Or it would be curious, if one did not stop to recollect that the Great War ended a little over ten years ago, that this war killed nearly a million young Englishmen and wounded more or less terribly many more, and that just now is the time when these young men would have been coming along in politics and other fields of action had they not been wiped out or maimed! We are today entering upon the period, in other words, which represents the gap in population left by the hideous destruction of 1914-1918. Not only in the British Labor Party but in the other political parties of England, not only in politics but in life generally, not only in England but in Europe generally, there is no new generation. The veterans have got to carry on because there are no young men of thirty to forty years of age to take their places. Nor is this the end! For in another generation still we shall miss the children, grown to maturity, whom these war-dead would have begotten and bred had they lived. The cost of the War? We have not as yet begun to count that cost.

Revolution is evidently the newest form of banditry. Revolution, at least, in Mexico! More and more obvious does it become that this latest revolution in the southern republic, expensive in men and money, was nothing but a large exploit in looting. Weeks ago reports came over the border that, in the towns seized and then surrendered by the revolutionists, the banks were systematically emptied by the retiring rebels, and much other movable property carried away. Now, as this editorial is written, comes the news of the arrest in a New York hotel of a Mexican adventurer, fleeing to Europe, with $750,000 in his possession. This man is described as the financial backer of the late uprising, and these dollars are evidently the return upon the investment. All of which, in a day when banditry is witnessing amazing developments, is decidedly interesting! But deeper down are pathos and tragedy. In a recent rotogravure supplement we saw pictures of the lonely graves of rebels, shot for their participation in this abortive revolution. How many such graves, marked or unmarked, are to be found in the soil of Mexico, we do not know. Thousands of men, from first to last, must have perished—ignorant, docile, deluded men—all to give a few sordid adventurers a chance to seize a government and use it for their own aggrandizement in money and power, or, failing this, a chance to rob and pillage, and then get away with the goods. This is the tragedy of wars, and violence generally. The people, as always, are the tools of those who know exactly what they want. The Great War was simply banditry on a large scale, and the millions dead but the victims of the plotters in treasury and chancellory who were after the loot. Are the people never to understand, and, understanding, refuse to take up arms in the name of civilization, or liberty, or democracy, or peace, or what not? The slogans vary with the political weather—but the same dirty cause is always present.

The sale of the Boston *Herald* and *Traveler* to

the International Paper and Power Company has started an uprising of public interest and sentiment which may well go a long way in the direction of settling this question of newspapers in a free democracy. Already it has opened up an illuminating investigation by the Federal Trade Commission, in which it was revealed at the very first session that this enormous paper and power trust owns not only the two Boston journals, but also (in whole or in part) the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* and *Evening News,* the Ithaca *Journal News,* the Chicago *Journal,* the Chicago *Daily News,* the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle,* the Columbia (S. C.) *Record,* and the Spartansburg (S. C.) *Herald-Journal.* What this ownership or control of newspapers means to the general public has been set forth with admirable precision and clarity by the New York *Times*:

> The whole foundation of honest journalism is laid on the principle that newspaper ownership should have no interest save in publishing facts and making fair editorial comment on them. Ownership that has a financial interest in the public domain, over which there is steady controversy between private operation and the government, has never proved effective in the manufacture of a disinterested or reliable newspaper. The fact that such type of ownership is usually concealed as long as possible is another proof that it is often disingenuous in its purpose. For all of these reasons the growing tendency of utilities interests to buy established newspapers is unsettling not only to the press itself, but to men in public life who are the objects of the criticism of the press, and to the public, which must depend on the information it receives from the press.

The Worcester (Mass.) *Post* expresses similar ideas:

> All collections of paper and ink are not newspapers in the true sense of the word. * * * The newspaper which measures up to the standards of conscientious journalism is the newspaper which is an institution, which feels that its duty to the public comes before all else and will not permit any influence to turn it one inch from * * * honest public service.

A newspaper may be any one of three things. It may be a great independent organ of public opinion, such as the Worcester *Post* describes—an institution, like an ideal church or college, wholly devoted to the interest of the people. The Springfield *Republican,* like the Manchester *Guardian* in England, has long been this kind of a journal. Or a newspaper may be an out-and-out business proposition, with no interest other than the purely commercial interest of money making. Most American newspapers are of this type. Or it may be a secret and sinister organ of private powers hostile to the public welfare. The Boston *Herald* is now discovered to be such an organ. If the uncovering of the *Herald* brings an end to this sort of thing, the *Herald* will have done at least one public service.

The Illusion of the Collective

> Prosperity, Sir, is the test of good government, but the prosperity must first be proved. We have flournished under the Constitution. Who has flournished under the Constitution? These gentlemen are apt to fall into the mistake, a very natural one I admit, of supposing that all the world has flourished because they have. Do they mean to allege that the great body of the people has flourished? . . . Instead of the people they talk of the country, the wealth, power and glory of the country, by which is to be understood the wealth, power and glory of one man in a hundred, and the misery of the remaining ninety-nine. . . . They may talk as they please about our being the richest nation in the world. The richest nation in one sense of the word we certainly are, but then it is like Mr. Alexander Baring and me, between us we certainly have a very handsome fortune.

In these words John Stuart Mill a century ago put his finger on one of the most persistent vices of human thinking, a vice that springs from a deep and noble root, a vice that has contributed mightily to most of the worst deeds that men in their collective capacity have ever done. If it were not for that vice it may well be doubted whether we should have any more wars; protective tariffs would be immensely harder to foist on the people that suffer from them; and in general that whole vast range of government activities which consists in advancing the interests of one class of citizens at cost of others would become immensely more difficult, if not indeed impossible of accomplishment.

We all have an irresistible impulse to identify ourselves with something greater than ourselves. Faced by our own weakness and failures, we are driven to find fulfilment, to maintain self-respect, by discovering something outside ourselves of which in some way we can make ourselves a part, and thus share in its accomplishment. Probably the impulse is at bottom religious, reaching its fine flower in those rare mystical beings who walk day by day in the intimate consciousness of the presence of God.

But the same need takes many other forms. We identify ourselves with social groups of various sorts, finding in their achievements, and even in their efforts, a justification of ourselves, a realization and accomplishment that are denied us, for the most part, in any purely individual activities. Outside the comparative handful of individuals of great creative power and self-confidence, the great body of us thus lean on the groups to which we belong. We lose our littleness in their greatness. We root for "our" local baseball team, though it be only a band of hired professional entertainers; we take unqualified pride in the fact that "we" have the finest opera in the world (so we are told), though we never hear it and do not like it, in fact; our bosoms swell with pride at realizing that "we" have more automobiles than all the rest of the world put together, though we commute daily to the office and go afoot to church or the park on Sunday; we get great satisfaction out of the achievements of the athletes (or in rare cases of the scholars) of "our"

university, though we did not manage to make the position of substitute on the class team and though we got put out of the institution at the end of the first semester of the Freshman year for lack of brains. But most of all, our country gives us a keen sense of "our" bigness, "our" power, "our" wealth, "our" importance in the world, and consequently we are better able to live with our universe.

Now there is no use quarreling with this impulse, which in its place serves us well; but it is at peril of our very lives that we become its unreflecting servants, as most of us do. Without entering into any philosophical quarrels, the United States, after all, except as an area of land or as an idea, is nothing more than its people, its welfare is nothing aside from their welfare, its wealth their wealth, its purposes their purposes. The convenient fiction of the general will, with which the idealist political philosophers befoozle us, is just a peculiarly vicious example of an attempt to make myself into something much greater than I am. Once let me accept this glorious abstraction of my country as something somehow more and greater than its citizens, and I am estopped from clear thought and intelligent action. The well-nigh irresistible power of modern propaganda will inevitably persuade me that the most powerful interests in my country are my interests, just as is done every time a fresh tariff steal is perpetrated, every time a fresh subsidy is granted to some rich shipping company, every time a fresh war is pulled off. Always some great "national" interest is at stake, to which I gladly and often nobly sacrifice my own interest, only to discover too late that the "national" interest, "our" interest, as I was proud and happy to feel it, was in fact the individual interest of certain of my fellow-citizens who consciously or unconsciously (and doubtless in the vast majority of cases unconsciously) went about it successfully to identify their interest with that greater self of mine that I call my country.

I am not attacking the religious impulses or decrying a sane idealism. I am saying that the application of that idealism to the groups of which we are a part, and notably, in the present stage of social organization, to the national group, serves all too commonly as a substitute for thought about puzzling questions. Every selfish and scheming interest that wants to use national power for its own advantage wraps that idealism about itself as a cloak. We make war because "national" interests are threatened, and we never stop to ask what it actually does mean in terms of the human beings affected. It is this unreflecting idealism that takes us off on all sorts of crusades, and leads us in the paths of "manifest destiny" that lead but to profits for some of our fellow-citizens. The only thing for intelligent men to do is to ask each time, who is helped and who is hurt by this policy? And every time the "who" must be concrete human beings, not abstract nations, which are nothing. We are asked, for example, to relieve the farmers. (I am passing no judgment on the proposed measures, one way or the other.) There is just one question to ask: Who is going to get the money, and who is going to pay the bill, and what are going to be the ulterior consequences, so far as we can foresee, for all the individuals who are going to be affected? If any measure of farm relief gives promise of doing more good to individuals than it does harm to individuals, then, and only then, is it in the "national" interest; and exactly the same with every other proposed policy of public action, no matter how loud the patrioteers may shout for a war or a subsidy or an exclusion measure of any sort as in behalf of some mysterious "public" or "national" interest. The man who manages to find some "national" interest in addition to, or in opposition to, the interests of all the individuals affected, is talking nonsense or something worse.

The upshot of the whole matter is nothing more than the demand for the utmost of realism in thinking and talking of public affairs, an insistence that the advocates of a policy prove their case by indicating its probable effects in the lives of men and women, not by talking about the nation, the public, or even the people in any vague general sense. To cultivate such a habit of public discussion is to lessen, in so far, the danger that we shall be ruled by catchwords and sonorous phases, and to increase the probability that government will become what it ought to be and in too many of its activities is not, an instrument of collective welfare.

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

Albert Einstein's confession of faith, recently announced, is a thing worth remembering:

> I believe in the God of Spinoza, who reveals himself in the orderly harmony of what exists, not in a God who concerns himself with fates and actions of human beings.

In a certain bank is a large bronze tablet inscribed with the names of employees who died in the Great War. Over this tablet, the other day, was hung a larger placard announcing "Interest at 4½% this Quarter," and of course completely hiding the names of the dead. Business is surely business!

Even the "wet" newspapers in eastern cities have to admit that Prohibition is a great success—in supplying news! Take out the Prohibition stories, genuine and otherwise (mostly the latter), and our daily journals could save tons of good print paper.

Whenever we hear discussion of war debt cancellation, we think of the famous Prohibition joke—"The 'drys' have the law; the 'wets' have the liquor. Why should not everybody be satisfied?" So with the war debts! Those opposed to cancellation have the agreements to pay; those in favor of cancellation have the fact that payments are not being made. Why should not everybody be satisfied?

The Boston *Herald* wants to know "why so many Bibles continue to be printed." We think we can solve "the mystery," as the *Herald* calls it. It is to provide good statistical reports for the Bible societies.

When men are honored, their religious affiliations are made known. Why not when men are dishonored? Harry F. Sinclair is a Presbyterian. J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XV.

I Visit Some of the Colonies

I assume that my readers know something of the Zionist movement, and of the purpose and method of its great work in Palestine. Zionism, established in its modern form in 1896 by the illustrious Theodor Herzl, represents a deliberate and sustained attempt to organize and carry through to triumph that return of Israel to the homeland of its fathers which has been the dream of pious Jews through all the sad centuries of the Diaspara. Individual Jews have in all ages sought and in some cases succeeded in returning to the Holy Land, that they might lay their bones within its sacred soil. Groups of heroic pioneers have at intervals during the last three generations made their way back to Palestine and striven to recover some few and precious acres for Israel. But not until Zionism came into being, under the inspired leadership of Herzl, did this return of a scattered people to their ancestral homeland take on the significance of a movement which challenged the attention of governments, the counsel of statesmen, and the interest of Gentiles as well as Jews. And not until the deliverance of Jerusalem in the Great War, by Allenby's crusade against the Turk, did this movement assume a momentum which promises results destined to change the face of history. Today in Zionism we have an undertaking which holds the devoted allegiance of hundreds of thousands of Jews in all countries, which raises millions of dollars a year and controls other millions in pledged investments, which operates far-flung activities in agriculture, industry, education, health through highly developed and elaborately organized agencies in many forms, and which is led by statesmen, financiers, teachers and prophets who match comparison with their compeers in any country in the world. The Jews may never become a nation again in the technical political sense of the word; they may never recover or control the territory which once yielded sway to the sceptre of David; it is unlikely that more than a rather small fraction of world-Jewry will ever be regathered within the bounds of Palestine. But already the Jews have become once more a people; they have reclaimed their lost hearthstones and raised anew their ruined altars; and they are laying deep and sure, in their own high spirit and devoted labor, the foundations of a new civilization comparable alike in achievement and promise to nothing that humanity has known since the founding of America.

At the bottom of this whole vast undertaking of Zionism lies the reclamation of the land, for the possession of mother earth and the production of the fruits of her womb are today, as in the days of Moses, the only possible basis of an enduring social order. This reclamation involves, first the purchase of the land now held in a kind of feudal system of ownership by Arab proprietors; and, secondly, the working of the land by settlers actually placed upon the soil. Both processes were started years ago by groups of pioneers, richly aided by the Baron de Rothschild, who could not possess their souls in patience until they had started, by a gesture and example, if nothing more, the restoration of Israel in the Holy Land. What was little more than a forlorn hope in these early days became a gigantic enterprise with the organization of the Zionist movement and, later, the transfer of the land in question from the rule of the Turk to the mandated control of the British Empire. Where yesterday were barren hillsides and fetid marshes, are today the homesteads and farmlands of more than a hundred colonies. Where for generations the Arab fellaheen scratched the surface of rough and stony soil with the wooden plow of his remotest ancestor, the Jewish peasant today drives deep the steel blade wrought in the foundries of Britian and America. What for centuries furnished scant pasturage to the sheep and goats of Bedouins, now feeds fat the sleek cattle of the Jewish herdsman. Orange groves cover with fragrance and beauty what was formerly the waste and desolate upland of the shore. Wheat and barley yield their abundant harvest in lowlands drained of those stagnant pools which smote even the wandering nomad with disease and death. New forests dot a land which was long since stripped of trees; modern roads take the place of sheep tracks and caravan trails; villages with schools, libraries and cultured citizens cover a country given over to the mud hut of the illiterate Arab or the black goat-skin tent of the primitive Bedouin. From Russia, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Italy, America, come the healthy, hearty, idealistic pioneers of Jewry who have left all to settle this lost land and restore it, a paradise of plenty, as Israel's home. The world has seen no such movement as this since English settlers crossed the ocean westward in the early seventeenth century, and dotted the Atlantic seaboard with their colonies. Josiah Wedgewood, in his book on Zionism, called "The Seventh Dominion," is doing something more than write poetry when he describes these Jewish pioneers as "The Pilgrim Fathers of Palestine."

Three Kinds of Colonies

I must see these colonies! They are at once the foundation and the beating heart of Zionism. Here is the organism of the whole movement actually at work; and here its life, therefore, is to be seen and understood. But I encountered extraordinary difficulties in carrying out this highly important object of my trip to the East. For I had come to Palestine in the winter season—and such a winter! Sober folk, not given to exaggeration, agreed that the violence of storm and tempest was unprecedented. This sounded to me at first like talk I heard once in California in the midst of a furious February hurricane; but when I saw the best roads under water, railroads at a standstill, the great Ruthenburg Works devastated by the raging torrent of the Jordan, I realized that something extraordinary had broken loose.

Now the colonies, with few exceptions, are located in remote sections of the land. They are "in the country," off the main highways, and therefore in such weather as I encountered, literally lost in seas of mud. Certain of the more important colonies were altogether inaccessible, as for example those located along the road between Haifa and Jaffa which was closed to traffic. Others, reached by automobile, could not be penetrated except by wading processes for which I was not at the time equipped. Only a horse-back ride, under conditions described in an earlier article, enabled me to reach Ain-Harod and Beth Alpha. Centers of the greatest interest I missed on the day of my adventurous drive to Nathanyab. Nevertheless, in a period of three weeks crowded with activities, I visited in all *ten* colonies which represented every period of Zionist history, every type of organization and theory, and all ranges of wealth and dearth. I saw colonies as old as Petah Tikweth (founded, 1882), and as young as Nathanyab (founded, this very year); as individualistic as Herzlia and Kfar Aaron, and as communistic as Beth Alpha; as prosperous as Rishon le Zion, and as poor as Kirjeah Anavim, or "Dilb," as it was familiarly called. In general I was able to classify these colonies, largely on the basis of inward organization, into three distinct classes. First, the extreme individualistic or bourgeois colonies, which may be said to occupy the right wing of the pioneering army; secondly, the modified individualistic or cooperative colonies, in the center; and, lastly, the various kinds of communistic, or, more accurately, communal colonies, on the left. I shall describe these three types, in the light of examples actually seen and studied, in the order given.

The Individualistic Colonies

The individualistic colonies are predominantly the older colonies, founded in the early days before the advent of organized Zionism and the outbreak of the War, and, because, of the generous aid given in critical times by the Baron, not infrequently called the "Rothschild Colonies." These settlements have put their early pioneer days well behind them. Rough evidences of early struggle and privation are disappearing, and signs of an established, ordered, settled-down kind of existence are everywhere apparent. Economic stability and comfort, if not actual wealth, have been secured, and are bringing along the usual social phenomena.

Petah Tikwah, located some miles outside of Jaffa, is an excellent example of what I mean. The early history of this settlement is an epic in itself. Fighting heroically against impossible odds, the first pioneers lost more than half their number the first year from starvation, exposure and malarial fever, and were obliged to abandon their project. But they were not to be beaten! Coming back in 1882 with reinforcements, they battled through triumphantly, and laid the foundations of the present busy and happy town. Petah Tikwah today has a population of more than 10,000 souls. These subsist predominantly upon the products of the far-flung orange groves which stretch about the city like an enveloping forest. Streets, sidewalks, public squares have been laid out; and are bordered by attractive houses and thriving stores. Our party partook of an elaborate luncheon on the day of our visit at the local hotel, inspected the synagogue, and attended sessions at two public schools. Going and coming we traveled over a smoothly macadamized road, and admired large and thriving groves of eucalyptus trees. Petah Tikwah has arrived—an attractive, comfortable conservative bourgeois town!

Rishon le Zion is very different, and yet the same. Different, because its major industry is grapes, and not oranges; the same, because the industry is flourishing, and its people prosperous! Its present population, 3,000 in number, sprang from an original ten, who came here over forty-seven years ago and began the cultivation of the vine. One of these ten, Menesah Mayerowitz, the only surviving member of the original group, was our host on the occasion of our visit. With what relish did he sit us down, revive old tales, and then regale us with rare specimens from his wine cellar. We must drink to the health of Nathan Straus, and to the continued prosperity of Rishon le Zion—and a sparkling wine glass was placed in my hands! How could I refuse the brave old man, and cast discredit and shame upon his cherished industry? Smash went the total abstinence practises of a life-time, as I quaffed my share of the health! Then the veteran took us into his subterranean wine-cellars, built years before by Baron Rothschild, and ranking today as the third largest cellars in the world. I was startled, as we moved along, to hear Mr. Mayerowitz declare that the atmosphere of these cellars was so rich that persons had been known to become intoxicated just from walking through. I began at once to sniff, and to think guiltily of the glass that I had drunk. Dropping behind our party, I began to walk straight lines in the pavement, to see if I could keep an even course. Time after time I tried, and time after time I moved as straight and sure as an arrow. It was a relief to my Puritan conscience, none the less, to regain the upper air! Mounting our automobiles, we drove away through the attractive stretches of the town. Here were long streets of pretty houses, with bright gardens and lofty trees. We saw well-laden shops, a synagogue, and schools. Like Petah Tikwah, the place looked established, respectable, prosperous and contented.

Colonies of this type are of the ordinary western variety of town. That is to say, they are of the strictly individualistic and capitalistic order. The land is owned, as it was purchased, in individual holdings, most of them so large as to be plantations rather than farms. Each owner works his land as he sees fit; owns his own house, buildings, tools and equipment, and makes as much money as he can. His labor is

mostly hired labor—Arab men and women employed on a regular basis of day wages. The original settlers and their successors are now landed proprietors. The colonies enjoy certain features of cooperative life, of which we know little in America—cooperative buying of basic supplies, and cooperative marketing of produce. But they rest upon the twin pillars of the capitalistic order—private ownership in land, and the wage system of labor. In this sense they are nothing new, and, to quote Josiah Wedgewood, "nothing very exciting."

I said that colonies of this individualistic type are the old colonies, pre-war and even pre-Zion in origin. I must now modify this statement by pointing out that the four latest colonies to be started in Palestine are of this kind. These colonies are all the work of a new society, called Bne Binyamin ("Sons of the Fathers"), which was founded expressly with the idea of leading the second generation of Jewish youth in Palestine to stay on the land, found new colonies, and thus keep the homeland growing. Bne Binyamin boasts 2,000 members, of whom 85 per cent are sons of pioneers. The society is a movement of enormous importance, as representing the first extension of Zionism by native forces within instead of alien forces without.

The colonies founded by this group are all strictly individualistic, in true fidelity to the faith and practise of the fathers. But there are certain important modifications in the system. Thus, the land, bought by the group, is resold to the individual members of the group *in equal parcels only*. Such parcels, if resold, must be sold back to the group. Water development, roads, schools, etc., are owned and conducted in common. Land in these colonies may be sold to outside membership investors on a regular investment basis. I could have bought an orange grove, had I the money! Labor, of course, is hired, usually from Arab sources.

Kfar Aaron was the one of these colonies which I visited and inspected most carefully. Founded three years ago, it has today a population of 25 families, or about 100 persons in all. Ten of these families have erected attractive individual homes—the rest are living in temporary barracks. There is also a common building, a sort of community center, used for synagogue, school, and general social purposes. A splendid water system is in operation, and lovely orange groves stretch far away on every side. This colony, and its sister colony, Herzlia, which I also visited, showed remarkable signs of growth and prosperity.

So much for the first, or individualistic, class of colonies. The second, or modified individualistic, and the third, or communal class, I shall take up in my next week's article.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Wanted—A Model Home in Moscow

The gulf between our world of cheerful competitive initiative and economic libertarianism and the peculiar propaganda-nourished, rigidly-controlled world of Russia under the Communist dictatorship is deep as the gorge of Avernus and as yet unbridged. Foaming antagonisms with spectres of fear and hate run through it and rise upon both banks, in spite of the fact that nearly ninety million dollars' worth of goods passed from our country to theirs, purchased by their most excellent cash and credit, within the last year. American business, it appears, is not averse to driving profitable bargains with, or even from extending large credit to the Devil.

A whole generation of young men and women, now passing out of Communist schools and drill-grounds to take their places at the machines of Communist factories and newspapers, manning the far-flung economic and cultural "fronts," have come to maturity with ideas and emotional attitudes so formed and fixed that they do not see the innumerable similarities between their ideals of social welfare and ours, their applied science and ours, their economic practice and ours; and they do not admit that they have anything to learn from our longer experience with liberty and self-government, however much they may esteem or envy our technical achievements and physical efficiency. On the contrary, they are as confident of their formula of salvation as Mr. Bryan was of the crystal throne; and they conceive of their government and society as set over against ours, from top to bottom, as irreconcilable with ours in theory as in practice, as ordained by what might be called scientific predestination to replace ours in the files of history, as ours is believed to have replaced more primitive and feudal forms. They regard the western industrialized world as primitive, inchoate, politically retrograde, one which it is their mission to consolidate, expurgate and justify. In particular, do they regard its most aggressive factors, imperialist Britain and large-scale trustified America, as their natural, inevitable enemies, disputing their progress and the progress of humanity towards its manifest destiny of socialist metamorphosis, and "lusting their downfall." . . Here, then, is the stage all set for an epic collision of civilizations; for it is a dear conviction of these energetic young Communist intellectuals, with their proletarian predilections, that they have nothing to learn and everything to fear from the business bourgeoisie of America. And this is equalled by the intensity of feeling and belief in this country that Russian Communism is really a criminal conspiracy or an Asiatic assault upon liberty and civilization.

The fact of these pronounced attitudes of mind, on whatever logical validity or falsity they may be based, constitutes unquestionably a great menace to the peace and security of the world. Since neither is opposed to the use of armed force, and both are prepared mentally, and are preparing physically, for its employment, "if necessary," upon a grand, all-inclusive scale, few intelligent persons aware of the facts can doubt that as the power of industrialized Soviet Russia increases, according to its carefully prepared program, and the fiscal control and economic empire-building of the United States continues to expand and tighten, according to the ambitions of its banking directorate, by so much will this antagonism of sentiment and theory be intensified, and the danger be increased, of a conflict in Asia or Europe involving both, accompanied by blind and furious social convulsions. Without being an alarmist, it seems to me

high time to inquire what, if anything, can be done to increase the understanding, to bridge the dread gulf between the two worlds, and so render a world-shaking catastrophe less possible? American intellectuals, and leaders of business certainly, ought to be more aware of the realities, and more concerned with the dangers beneath them, than most of them appear to be.

Clearly, political recognition of Soviet Russia by the American government would be a totally inadequate gesture, even were it now contemplated or impressively advocated. Soviet Russia is a super-emotion; the United States is a super-corporation. A gesture of perfunctory salutation by the latter will not reconcile an irresistible force and an immovable object, if one happens to lie athwart the path of the other. Clearly, again, the encouragement of economic relations, of increasing trade between them, while certainly desirable and mutually profitable, is producing little amelioration of the mind-set or of the stage-set for war. The facts are that, by reason of the curious circumstance that the Russian Communist Government *does not permit as yet the establishment of even an ordinary foreign commercial agency upon its territory,* but transacts all its commercial negotiations with American business men here, upon our soil, by its official representatives, and on their terms—or not at all—all the normal cultural concomitants of commercial intercourse between great nations are in this case excluded, and a blockade is laid against direct contacts of American business enterprise and intellectual or social culture with theirs. It is a blockade as effective in the realm of ideas and conventions as in salesmanship: for all the news that enters Russia is collected by an official Russian agency, maintaining an active branch in New York City, and distributed throughout all the Russias by governmental radio stations to the Communist press; and all the news that leaves Russia passes through a bureau of censorship in the Red Foreign Office before it goes on the wires or the air. Thus is the Russian nation almost hermetically sealed against capitalist contamination, and against cultural interstimulation with the tides of the democratic civilization of the West. While large amounts of goods from capitalist factories are purchased and imported, as desired, and ever-increasing commercial credits are obtained, even in the United States, against future payments and deliveries of Russian grain, oil, furs, lumber, etc., as desired also all "bourgeois" notions, tastes, standards, etiquette, and general ideas of life and government are carefully shut out—or strained and colored with the proper "scientific" interpretation by the self-appointed guardians of what the Russian people may think and believe. I do not know of any experiment in mass-control parallel to this Soviet phenomenon in the history of the world. It has turned all the Russias into an experimental laboratory in sociology and economic theory.

It is true that in recent months regular tourist-parties have made successful incursions of the Russian land; several hundred Americans visited it in small parties last summer and half a dozen of our businessmen are in Moscow at the moment seeking concessions. But these groups of travelers have been guided by a newly-created official Soviet tourist-bureau whose careful purpose it is to tour its patrons through the great museums, interpret to them, feed them, bed them, entertain them, and even doctor them, if necessary, at a profitable per diem rate, more systematically than other tourist-agencies would ever have the temerity to try to do. How this is working out, and whether it is contributing to the edification of the inquiring and adventurous American tourists it seems too early to say; but, clearly, it permits little or no opportunity, save perhaps in the case of a few official delegations and guests, for unrestrained and normal personal exchange and social intercourse between Russian civilians and the American visitors. Such exchange would be difficult in Russia even under the best conditions.

Most Americans do not and cannot be expected to realize this. But the American tourist will hardly fail to observe that there are none of the aids to travel familiar in western countries, or even in the Orient. There is no American agency in Russia, neither an express company, a bank, a consulate, a church, a news-bureau, nor a regular commercial representative; nor a missionary; no agency to offer advice or assistance in an emergency. And, from the Russian viewpoint, there is hardly a reliable source of accurate information concerning the customs, the ideas, the products, the tastes, and the living life and thought of the United States, nothing save an occasional American motion picture, and a few American Communists and abnormal types resident in Moscow. "The American delegation," so-called, at the large "University for the Oppressed Toilers of the West" in the capital, consisted principally, last spring, of a husky negro stevedore from New York with a psychopathic personality. Bill Haywood was the best known American in the capital, and a sort of unofficial representative; he lies buried now by the Kremlin wall.

What might conceivably be done to offset these difficulties by any group of intelligent Americans seriously concerned about the problem of America's international relations? One concrete idea I should like to submit. The Russian Government is permitted to maintain at the present time an official delegation, for trade purposes, in New York City. This consists of over two hundred persons, of numerous bureaus of information, industrial exhibits, cultural bulletins, much printed information, propaganda, etc., etc. Why should all this be permitted unless a similar privilege be extended in Moscow or Leningrad to a group of representatives of American culture and industry capable of presenting directly to the Russian people the American idea in economy, government, industry, and, above all, in social welfare and democratic social life? I see no reason in equity; and much reason why it should not be permitted in high policy, unless a reciprocal privilege is extended to Americans upon Russian soil. If the two cultures are veritably at war, as the Russian propagandists insist they are, then, assuredly, we have permitted them to take an unfair advantage of us by establishing important outposts upon American soil from which to demonstrate the superiority of their civilization to a challenged democratic world. It is clearly evident that we have every reason to reply in kind, by making an equally bold and far-sighted attempt to "sell" democracy and the democratic idea of civilization to the autocratic Russian world. If the Soviet authorities should refuse, which I do not believe to be probable—if for no other reason than because of their solid conviction of the superiority of their system to ours—then, in self-defense, it might become necessary for democratic governments jointly to interdict all trade with them, even at the cost of much material sacrifice. *In fact, Soviet*

Russian export trade has been financed by commercial loans and credits obtained principally in England and the United States for the last six years. Of what use is it for the American State Department to refuse to meet or receive a Soviet ambassador when Soviet Russia is recognized, and its foreign trade financed, by some of the largest American and international corporations anxious to do business with them? Borodin, the official engineer of Communism in China, checked his funds through the oriental branches of the National City Bank.

What I propose, then, to the serious attention of American business men and the American Chamber of Commerce is not a commercial blockade of Russia. They would never agree to that. It is nothing less than the establishment of an American Museum, or House, an Industrial Exhibit and permanent social center in Moscow, by and with the consent of the Russian auhorities which, provided that there should be absolutely no plots and no atmosphere of plotting permitted, and no religion dispensed on the premises, I believe could be obtained. There all kinds of accurate information concerning the democratic institutions, industries and ideals of the United States of America should be freely given, in the Russian language, and as much assistance of a technical nature supplied as is consistent with the purposes of the institution, to the many Russians trying to reach us through the darkness, across the spectral gulf that separates America from them. There, also, the English language, and both English and American literature ought to be cheaply and adequately taught; for English is at the present time by far the most popular of all foreign languages studied in the universities and evening adult classes of the Russian capital. Yet there are almost no qualified persons there to teach it. The American House should naturally become the headquarters of all professional Americans visiting Russia, and especially of American scholars who will certainly go there in increasing numbers to study the bafflingly complex and enormously interesting and significant developments of the peculiar unified, dictatorial and growing Soviet economic, political and educational system. The institution should be both an educational center, a free social meeting-place, and a documented exposition of *Homo Americanus* in his native atmosphere, surrounded by his customary ideological flora and specimens of his mechanical fauna,—his books and technical journals, his machines and social-welfare agencies, or charts and pictures of them, his catalogues and toys, phonographs (of which there are none in Russia later than 1911 models with red morning-glory horns), his carpet-sweepers, baby-carriages and vacuum-cleaners (which have never been seen in Russia and would make colossal sensation), his office supplies and simpler household furniture, and, above all, his neat and efficient, shining and incomparable kitchen and bathroom equipment—in short, a living- and working-model of an up-to-date American home of the kind maintained by any intelligent family with an income of not more than three thousand dollars a year. I predict that such an institution, once established, with educational services and other features to be worked out, would in short time pay for itself directly, and indirectly, through its service in disseminating the ideals of democracy and the American standard of living, and a knowledge of the use and allure of American products, be worth its weight in silver coin.

This is not the place to elaborate the idea. I can but propose it in all earnestness to the attention of the American Chamber of Commerce, the royal Rotarians, the Departments of Justice and State; and to our great philanthropic foundations, and a few wealthy individuals if any can be found who still believe in the ideals of the United States and the future of American civilization as a force in the world for cleanliness, decency, fair-play, social justice and individual liberty. Led by courageous and tactful persons, who understand something about Russian history as well as the quality and capacity of their own country, such an institution would be a little window to the east, opening on the baffling Russian world, through which many Americans might look with increasing insight and honest curiosity upon the strange Soviet scene and its paradoxical array of theories and practices, programs and enterprises, slogans, realities and experiments of so many kinds as to beggar description, with even the best of good-will, and render them utterly unintelligible to anyone who has not studied them upon the spot. Great events are shaping beyond the Dniester and the Dvina, events portentous for the world. . . . Who knows today with conviction what really has happened, who can predict with confidence what may yet happen in that vast laboratory of human hope and despair, of interwoven economy, education, craft and statecraft rising as the largest political entity and potential market, as menace, or promise of a higher equalitarian civilization in the world,—rising like Phoenix with fanning wings from the slag and ashes of the imperial orgy of Russia that was cremated by oppression, hatred and its own unholy war?

We do not need ordinary political recognition of such a phenomenon. We would not send a flock of diplomats and debutants to cope with a plague of locusts moving out of Asia, or a wave of evangelical Shamanism consuming everything good and bad in its approach. No. We would use other and more appropriate means known to science and education.

We want a model American home and cultural trading-post in Russia upon the bleak border of the superstitious Eurasian world. Who will help to create it? Could the United States Chamber of Commerce do anything better than this?

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

A Sign

A Sister of Charity knelt in my pew
And her garments were sombrest black.
But somewhere behind her, a stained window threw
A glory of scarlet, gold, purple and blue,
Like a bright shawl flung over her back,
And I knew God had noticed her, too.

EDITH CAROLYN NEWLIN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

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PART V—CHAPTER XXIX

Rowlatt Act and My Dilemma

I had hardly, thus, begun to feel my way towards recovery when I happened casually to read in the papers the Rowlatt Committee's report that had just been published. Its recommendations startled me. I mentioned my apprehensions to Vallabhbhai who used to come to see me almost daily. "Something must be done," said I to him. "But what can we do in the circumstances?" he asked in reply. I answered, "If even a handful of men can be found to sign the pledge of resistance and the proposed measure is passed into law in defiance of it, we ought to offer Satyagraha at once. If I was not laid up like this I should give battle against it all alone and expect others to follow suit. But in my present helpless condition I feel myself to be altogether unequal to the task."

As a result of this talk it was decided to call a small meeting of such persons as were in touch with me. The recommendations of the Rowlatt Committee seemed to me to be altogether unwarranted by the evidence published in its report and were such as, I felt, no self-respecting people could submit to.

The proposed conference was at last held at the Ashram. Hardly a score of persons had been invited to it. So far as I remember, besides Vallabhbhai, among those who attended were Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, Mr. Horniman, the late Mr. Umar Sobani, Sjt. Shankarlal Banker and Shrimati Anasuyaben. The Satyagraha pledge was drafted at this meeting and as I recollect was signed by all present. I was not editing any journal at that time, but I used occasionally to ventilate my views through the daily press. I followed the practice on this occasion, too. Shankarlal Banker took up the agitation in right earnest and for the first time I got an idea of his wonderful capacity for organization and sustained work.

As all hope of any of the existing institutions adopting a novel weapon like Satyagraha seemed to me to be vain, a separate body called the Satyagraha Sabha was established at my instance. Its principal members were drawn from Bombay itself where, naturally, its headquarters were fixed. The intending covenanters began to sign the Satyagraha pledge in large numbers, bulletins were issued and popular meetings began to be held everywhere recalling all the familiar features of the Kheda campaign.

I became the president of the Satyagraha Sabha. I soon found that there was not likely to be much chance of agreement between myself and the intelligentsia composing this Sabha. My insistence on the use of Gujarati in the Sabha as also some of my other methods of work that would appear to be peculiar caused them no small worry and embarrassment. I must say to their credit, however, that most of them generously put up with my idiosyncrasies.

But from the very beginning it seemed clear to me that the Sabha was not likely to live long. I could see that already my emphasis on truth and *ahimsa* had begun to be disliked by some of its members. Still, in its early stages our new activity went on at full blast and the movement gathered head rapidly.

As the work progressed my desire to live grew with it and I became impatient to get well once again and being advised by the doctors that I would recuperate quicker by a change to Matheran, thither I went. But the water at Matheran being very hard, it made my stay there very difficult. As a result of the attack of dysentery that I had my anal tract had become extremely tender and owing to fissures I felt an excruciating pain at the time of evacuation so that the very idea of eating filled me with dread. Before the week was over I had to flee from Matheran. Shankarlal Banker now constituted himself the guardian of my health and pressed me to consult Dr. Dalal. Dr. Dalal was called accordingly. His capacity for taking instantaneous decisions captured me. He wanted to perform the operation for the fissures at once. I readily consented. He saw no difficulty in performing the operation in my own room and it was so performed the next day and as it turned out, with complete success.

But that did not satisfy him. "I cannot rebuild your body," he said, "unless you take milk. If in addition you took iron and arsenic injections, I guarantee fully to renovate your constitution."

"You can give me the injections," I replied, "but milk is a different question; I have a vow against it."

"What exactly is the nature of your vow?" the doctor inquired.

I told him the whole history and the reasons behind my vow, how since I had come to know that the cow and the buffalo were subjected to the process of *phooka,* I had conceived a strong disgust against milk. Moreover, I had always held that milk was not the natural diet of man. I had, therefore, abjured its use altogether. Kasturbai was standing near by bed listening all the while that this conversation was going on.

"But surely you cannot have any objection to goat's milk then," she interposed.

The doctor, too, took up the strain. "If you will take goat's milk, it will be enough for me," he said.

I succumbed. My intense eagerness to take up the Satyagraha fight had created in me a strong desire to live. And so I contented myself with adhering to the letter of my vow only and sacrificed its spirit. For although I had only the milk of the cow and that of the she-buffalo in mind when I took the vow, by natural implication it covered the milk of all animals. Nor could it be right for me to use milk at all so long as I held that milk was not the natural diet of man. Yet knowing all this I agreed to take goat's milk. The will to live proved stronger than the devotion to truth and for once the votary of truth compromised his sacred idea by his eagerness to take up the Satyagraha fight. The memory of this action even now rankles in my breast and fills me with remorse and I am constantly thinking how to give up goat's milk. My experiments in dietetics are dear to me as a part of my researches in *ahimsa.* They give me recrea-

tion and joy. But my use of goat's milk today troubles me not from the viewpoint of dietetic *ahimsa* so much as that of truth, a breach of pledge. It seems to me that I understand the idea of truth better than that of *ahimsa* and my experience tells me that if I let go my hold of truth I shall never be able to solve the riddle of *ahimsa*. The ideal of truth requires that vows taken should be fulfilled in the letter as well as in the spirit. In the present case I killed the spirit—the soul of my vow—by adhering to its outer form only and that is what galls me. But in spite of this clear knowledge I cannot see my way straight before me. In other words, perhaps, I have not the courage to follow the straight course. Both at bottom mean one and the same thing, for doubt is invariably the result of want or weakness of faith. "Lord, give me faith," is, therefore, my prayer day and night. M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by P.*)

The Study Table

Ward on Our Economic Morality

A critic once remarked of Tolstoy that the Russian's great contribution lay in his ability to give a bad conscience to his generation. Harry F. Ward is attaining something of that same ability in American Christianity. Every fortnight the *Social Service Bulletin* of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, so ably edited under his leadership, comes around to prick our complacency by reminding us that Christian discipleship requires something more than middle-class respectability. But that was not sufficient. Now comes his book, "Our Economic Morality."* Here is genuine T.N.T. If it does not stir us out of our prosperity complex, make us gird our loins and drive us to thought and prayer it will be only because our sensitiveness to spiritual values has atrophied under the pressure of the economic order which he has so mercilessly analyzed.

The book will be widely compared with the writings of Rauschenbusch. It will in no way suffer from the comparison. There is the same flaming idealism with its faith in men, the same courageous drive toward ethical reality, the same determination to gear religion into the practical task of building the Kingdom of God. There is, in addition, a philosophical depth of analysis which, while giving a concentration to the book that makes the reading more exacting, makes it more intellectually challenging for our generation than the works of Rauschenbusch.

R. H. Tawney, in his "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," has traced the historical process by which religion lost its control over industry and permitted the rise of autonomous economic organizations. Dr. Ward begins where Tawney left off. He analyzes this classical economic theory that arose free from the moral sanctions of religion and in eight devastating chapters indicts it as being the very antithesis of the ethic of Jesus.

The first chapter sets the problem with its statement of the essential antagonism between our religious idealism and our economic system. They rest upon fundamentally divergent philosophies. The ethic of Jesus, the basis of our religious idealism, is not simply a first century product. It is rather the resultant of a long historical and social process. It is not something authoritatively imposed but has grown out of the experience of the race. The prophets of eighth century Israel laid its basis through the universalization and the ethicalization of the concept of God on the experience of the non-exploitive family group, with its virtues of fellowship, justice, service, cooperation and love. Thus, the basic conception of our religion arises from the belief that one can not experience God at his best without an experience of human relations. To close your heart against your fellow man is to bar out God. Jesus built his ethic on the experience of his people. Christianity, following his lead, looks toward the building of the Family of God on the basis of these non-exploitive virtues. Capitalistic industrialism, however, builds on quite another philosophy. It would have us abandon this highway of the spirit which has been developed out of the experience of the race and call us back to the competitive, divisive, power ethic of the jungle. For that is where, despite all our efforts toward optimism, it leads. Its logical conclusion, unless tempered by other forces, would be the slum and the battlefield.

Dr. Ward analyzes the assumptions of the capitalistic system. There is the central assumption of self-interest; that somehow, allowed full sway, selfishness automatically works economic justice and prosperity. Its main ingredient was aways myth, that is, it demanded what never has in reality been present, freedom of exchange and free competition. It probably came nearest realization in the homogeneous frontier life of the last century. But that is today only a memory.

There is again the assumption that the great driving motive among men is the quest for profit. "Give me this day my daily profit" is the prayer of an acquisitive society that sanctifies the pursuit of money making. Ward's analysis is particularly keen here. Into its development it is impossible to enter. One or two things do, however, stand out. The enormous profits of today, it is evident, are not the reward of technical skill or productive service but largely of finance with its absentee rights and promoter's profits. Probably, as Ward shows, half of our corporation securities represent pure water or, as we say, to ease our consciences, good will. This system of absentee share holding built usually on nothing more tangible than paper represents a new feudalism. By legal action it has entrenched itself in America as in no other place in the world. It claims the absolute power of the divine right of money as much as any royalty of the past claimed divine right of kings. It is the new privileged class that displaces the landed lords of the pre-industrial days. Just as the lords of the feudal manor took their toll of what the serf produced so now the power of financial ownership of industry takes its income without rendering service. Dr. Ward has the temerity to suggest that such property for power will be treated in the future as was the absolute power of kings. As in the past the right to commandeer the labor of others without the productive labor of the owner was taken away from feudal lords and slave owners so we can expect it will pass away from this new feudalism. Great Britain already shows

*"Our Economic Morality," by Harry F. Ward. Macmillan. $2.50.

strong tendencies in that direction. Labor has resolutely set its face against it and the Liberal Party favors drasic reform.

The basic ideas of capitalism have become, as Dr. Ward shows, the philosophy of life of the people. When the chief end of man becomes the attainment of property it is not surprising that we should find the spirit of acquisition running through every aspect of our life. The prestige pressure of the wealthy class dominates our whole social order. That prestige is, it should be noted, increasingly being given not to wealth obtained by the actual producer and technician of the older capitalism but to the financial middlemen and promoters. It should not be a cause of surprise then that stock exchange speculation which until recently was a closed preserve for the few has now come to include all classes in increasing numbers.

What is the way out of the present system? Dr. Ward is not hopeful as regards the New Capitalism of Dr. Carver and others. It offers too few evidences of any basic reforms. It shows few signs of any sharing of control or of ownership. It is hostile to organized labor. At its best it is "benevolent despotism—the counterpart of a humane slavery—surrendering none of its privileges. It will distribute comforts but not freedom; luxuries but not power." He looks rather to the development of a more socialized economy, similar to that proposed in Great Britain; an economy that will not permit any leisure, non-productive class and will seek for a larger equality through a mutual exchange of goods and service. The gradual transformation of capitalism, which this demands, can only come without catastrophe if two requirements are met. There must, he feels, be not only reformation of the system but transformation. There must be a changed dynamic, something akin to what religion calls a conviction of sin. We must feel the present system is wrong not only because it is inefficient and wasteful but because it is sinful. Again there must be a willingness on the part of the privileged classes to yield something of their position and power. No privileged class has yet done this without struggle. It waits to be seen what this twentieth century privilege will do. As Ward says its basic ideas move in the other direction.

What are the feelings with which one closes the book? Undoubtedly the author has outlined the major campaign of the church for the next generation. The war question we are facing and courageously facing. But the real battle lies deeper. The war system is largely an outgrowth of the philosophy inherent in the economic system. That philosophy in large part still resists the penetration of Christianity. This is probably to be expected. Individually and collectively we are too much a part of the system to be able to see it with the same detachment that we can analyze the war system. The very prosperity of the day dulls our sense of social responsibility and moral insight. Then, too, the issue here is more complicated, the resistance more entrenched. But that does not mean we should shirk the issue. If as L. P. Jacks has recently told us, "a civilization saves its soul by the way it wins its daily bread" we shirk the conflict at the peril of those values which lie at the heart of the religion we profess.

It is difficult to estimate the effect this book might have on current religious life. The fact of its adoption by the Religious Book of the Month Club will assure it wide reading. Smug contented privilege, satisfied with its place and power and desirous of a religion that will give spiritual sanctification to its peculiar interests and prejudices, will, of course, condemn it as another evidence that the church is honeycombed with socialism. Ecclesiastical conventional religion, insensitive to social iniquities, will largely ignore it. But that growing group which feels the Christian life as a quest for a New World, a world not of dollars, classes and privileges but of justice, comradeship and service, will acclaim it as another challenging call to renewed dedication to the eternal task of the ages, the building of the Kingdom of God which is no less the Kingdom of Man.

ROYAL G. HALL.

"Thirteen Days"

Jeannette Marks, one of the few fine spirits who have survived the soul-stifling atmosphere of an academic environment, is a poet as well as a scholar. Her volume, "Thirteen Days" is a stirring and valuable book, valuable not only for its moving story of the martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti and for its complete Sacco-Vanzetti bibliography, but also for its portrayal of the reaction of a fine-grained artist and a glowing idealist to one of the outstanding social tragedies of our generation.

Others have told us the story of these two kindly men. Miss Marks tells us the story of those who came to their defense with a simple pathos that grips our hearts and catches our breath. We are made to relive with vivid intensity those torturous days of August, 1927, when the lives of these brave Italians hung upon the pitiful thread of legal justice.

The reaction left by the book is not so much one of indignation at the blundering stupidity, the shameful cowardice, the disgusting callousness of our public men and our comfortable masses of apathetic citizens as it is one of being stirred by the glorious truth that here in a country in which such a crime could be prepetrated there are men and women who would willingly sacrifice their money, strength, position—everything for the cause of justice and the lives of two innocent men. The brave names of Mary Donovan, Gardner Jackson, Powers Hapgood, Elizabeth Glendower Evans and the two Italian compatriots of the martyrs, Musmano and Feliciani—not to mention scores of others equally deserving have been immortalized in these eloquent chapters.

"Thirteen Days" is not intended to be a history of the case. It is rather a picture of those fateful thirteen days during which the lives of these men hung in the balance, a picture described in graphic detail from the angle of strictly personal observation. The book implies a more accurate knowledge of this case than can be expected from the average laymen, and yet its dramatic simplicity will arouse any sensitive reader.

We see through the vista of these pages from the hills of vision upon which the author stands the shadowy structure of the new commonwealth of free men and free women. We urge the readers of UNITY to read the courageous words of one who has "seen the world's great anguish and its wrong," but who has dared to speak with a prophet's fire and a poet's sympathy.

LUCIA TRENT.

"Thirteen Days" by Jeannette Marks, Albert and Charles Boni, 1929, New York, N. Y.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Döblergasse 2/26 Vienna VII.

International Conference in Lyons, August 2-9, 1929. Subject: Christ and Class Warfare.

You are cordially invited to take part in the International Conference in Lyons.

Ten years have passed since the memorable meeting in Holland in 1919, when this International Movement came forward with its radical Christian program for the first time after the war. The object of our work was, and still is, to form a fellowship from which oppression and exploitation, hatred and war would be excluded.

This fellowship, this peace based on justice and love is, however, not yet a living organism among the peoples. Hundreds of thousands, millions of our brothers all over the world, colored as well as white, are still living under harsh oppression and bitter and often dire necessity.

Even more depressing than the physical misery is the ever-growing spiritual need both of those in power, who live extravagantly and often seem to forget their own self-respect and their brothers' distress, as well as of those who, in their helplessness and despair, see no other way out than by violence and revolution.

In this struggle of class and self-interests, the world needs new redemptive powers, new deeds of brotherly love, new ways towards a radical transformation of the existing social and economic order.

All those, who irrespective of nationality, class or party, feel themselves responsible for their oppressed and suffering brothers, and who wish to help to find new ways of establishing a fellowship of social justice and brotherly love, will be heartily welcomed at the meeting.

For the International Fellowship of Reconciliation:

The Conference Committee:
HENRY ROSER, Paris-Pantin.
EMILE C. FABRE, Nimes.
IRENE SOLTAU, London.
KASPAR MAYR, Vienna.

PROGRAM

CHRIST AND CLASS WARFARE

I. **The Class War:** Its origins, development and character.

II. **The Proletarian:** Some of his physical and spiritual needs and characteristics.

III. **The Class War and the Christian Conscience:** Negative and positive elements of the problem.

IV. **The Search for an Economic Solution:** The land, private property, the wage system, means of production.

V. **The Decisive Power:** The spiritual and Christian answer.

The exact daily program, together with the list of speakers, will be sent later to the participants. Only one lecture will be given each day. There will be opportunities for discussions in small groups.

REMARKS:

I. **Number of Participants:** We expect about 250 delegates from 20 different countries. As the number of places is limited, all applications should be sent as soon as possible to the national secretariats, or where none such exist, to the central office in Vienna.

II. **Accommodation:** The Conference, in view of the subject, is to take place in one of the working-class districts of Lyons. Participants will be put up in some of the large hotels. Meals, excursions and games will be organized in common.

III. **Fees:** The fee for the whole week, including board and lodging, is £1.17.6. An attempt will be made to find cheaper accommodation for the younger Conference members (about 4 s. 0 d. per day). Those who wish to profit by this arrangement will receive further details later.

IV. **Dates:** The Conference begins with the evening meal on August 2nd and ends on the evening of August 8th, so that the participants will be able to leave Lyons on the morning of August 9th.

V. **Excursions after the Conference:** Immediately after the Conference, excursions for small groups can be organized to the famous Chartreuse, to the South to Avignon, or to the former battlefields. Conference members are also recommended to take part in the Peace Crusade organized by Marc Sangnier's Democratic Movement; the Peace Crusade is to leave Lyons on August 6 on its way to Paris. Will those who wish to take part please mention it on the enclosed form.

VI. **Preparation:** Some of those who are expecting to take part are preparing themselves by using questionnaires with suggested readings. These are sent out from the Central Office to any who wish to receive them.

Application blanks and further details may be obtained by addressing:

Correspondence

An Admirable Number

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed is $3.00 to continue UNITY. I am very glad that Dr. Holmes was enabled to visite Palestine. His notes cast much light on conditions there. From the start of his journey his comments have been intensely interesting. I hope the notes will be published in book form. I thought once that Italian efficiency had so captured his mind that Mussolini had made another convert. The last number of UNITY is admirable, thanks to Skinner, Schroeder & Newman.

Stafford, Conn. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Living in God

Editor of UNITY:

Have we, as many think, outgrown our belief in a Santa Claus God? Are we ready to give any consideration to the Bible's real conception of him (and from which we have evidently strayed), in Acts 17, 28: "For in God we live, and move, and have our being?"

If so, could this mean anything other than that we live within the body of God, and that whenever we partake of food and drink we thereby eat and drink of the flesh and blood of God?

Or in other words, that God is to us what we ourselves are to the microbes that inhabit our own bodies, and that as we receive help from the microbes in accordance with the manner in which they perform their functions, so also does God receive help from us when we do our work and help others do theirs, or to the contrary? Which service or disservice in turn redounds through God to our credit or discredit, just as the microbes gain or lose from the better or worse health which they help in furnishing us?

And incidentally, with such an adult size conception of God, wouldn't religion be given a new lease of life?

Our spiritual Father, as we should know, is merely a spiritual ancestor, from whom we derive our souls and who, together with us, is a member of God.

FRANK J. ARNOLD.

Religious Statistics

Editor of UNITY:

I was interested this morning in a little calculation which may have point for you, with your often vigorous dissent from religious statistics. *Zion's Herald*, and the religious papers generally, are passing around the report that the Gypsy Smith meetings in Boston had a total attendance of 280,500. As there were meetings for 21 days, probably at least two a day, and as many people must have attended many meetings, not merely one meeting, the number of individuals attending could not have been, at a liberal estimate, more than Fifty to One Hundred Thousand. Yet Gypsy Smith is reported to have "talked personally to no less than 200,000 individuals concerning religious matters." There are in twenty-one days, reckoning the full twenty-four hours to each day, 30,240 minutes, which goes rather more than six and one-half times in 200,000. So that the evangelist must have talked with six and one-half persons on the average the whole time that he was in Boston, every minute that he was there, day and night, allowing some wonder on our part as to how and when he did any preaching, eating, sleeping, or other ordinary chores of life. Also these nine-second conversations, allowing six and a half to the minute, must have been models of condensation. Truly the age of miracles is still here.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

La Crescenta, California.

Fellowship of Reconciliation, 383 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

THREE NEW STATES ADOPT OLD AGE PENSIONS

The seeds sown by the Association for Old Age Security and other interested groups are bearing fruit. As a result of the most vigorous drive launched in behalf of the dependent aged in February, the greatest achievement in old age pension legislation ever recorded during such a period in the United States was attained in the month of March. Three new states, Minnesota, Utah and Wyoming, have been added to the roll of pension states, making a total of nine states, in addition to the Territory of Alaska, now having pension laws on their statute books. In Wyoming and Utah the pensionable age is set at 65 while in Minnesota it is 70. In Minnesota and Wyoming the maximum pension is $30 a month; in Utah it is limited to $25. In all the three states the plan is on a county basis but adoption is mandatory upon the counties in the States of Utah and Wyoming. Old age pension bills have also passed the Lower Houses of Illinois and New Jersey and the Senate of Nebraska. A Commission to study the subject was created by the New York Legislature. It may be confidently predicted that the bill which is sponsored by Governor Young's administration in California may be passed before the legislature adjourns.

Following the special message sent to the Legislature by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, the question of old age security has become a leading issue in New York. Governor Roosevelt's remarkable state paper has cheered the hearts of all those devoted to the promotion of this cause of justice. Said Governor Roosevelt:

"New social conditions bring new ideas of social responsibility. . . . We can no longer be satisfied with the old method of putting the aged away in dismal institutions with the accompanying loss of self-respect, personality and interest in life. . . . This State abandoned some time ago the principle of institutional care for poor children and adopted the method of helping them in their own homes. Similar provision should be made for old age. Poverty in old age should not be regarded either as a disgrace or necessarily as a result of lack of thrift or energy. Usually it is a mere by-product of modern industrial life. An alarmingly increasing number of aged persons are becoming dependent on outside help for bare maintenance. While improved medical science has increased man's span of life, the rapid pace of modern industry has proportionately increased the number of years during which he is an unsought employe. While the worker of today on the average may look forward to a longer life than did his grandfather, he must necessarily count on a shorter period of industrial availability. *No greater tragedy exists in modern civilization than the aged, wornout worker who after a life of ceaseless effort and useful productivity must look forward for his declining years to a poorhouse. A more modern social consciousness demands a more humane and efficient arrangement.*"

Governor Roosevelt followed up this message to the Legislature by subsequent statements in addresses before the Consumers' League of New York and the United Neighborhood Houses. The Governor declared:

"More mail comes to the governor's desk, now than in the former administration, concerning old-age security against want, than upon any other subject. I am appalled every day by the number of people writing to protest that they hope the United States will not longer remain in the class with Mexico and China as the only two countries which have made no provision for the aged."

Speaking before the United Neighborhood Houses, Governor Roosevelt stated further:

"The importance of the old-age problem is indicated by the sharp increase in old age dependency within a very few years. A recent survey made in New York developed that one of the largest social agencies in ten years has increased its appropriation for the care of indigent old people outside of institutions 2,500 per cent. This does not mean, of course, that there has been that increase in old age dependency, but it is an indication of how serious the problem has become."

—*Bulletin*, Association for Old Age Security.

International Conference on Pacific Relations

Mr. Lumio, the secretary of the Institute for Pacific relations has arrived at Moscow from Honolulu. He has extended to the Soviet scientists, through VOKS an invitation to attend the International Conference of the Institute for Pacific Relations, which will take place in Kioto (Japan) in October, 1929.

The program of the conference includes 8 main questions: economics of the Pacific countries, China and the Powers, the Manchurian problem, diplomatic relations of the Pacific countries, industry in the Pacific countries and foreign investments, questions of cultural rapprochement and racial problems, ways of communication in the Pacific ocean and questions of mandates.

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